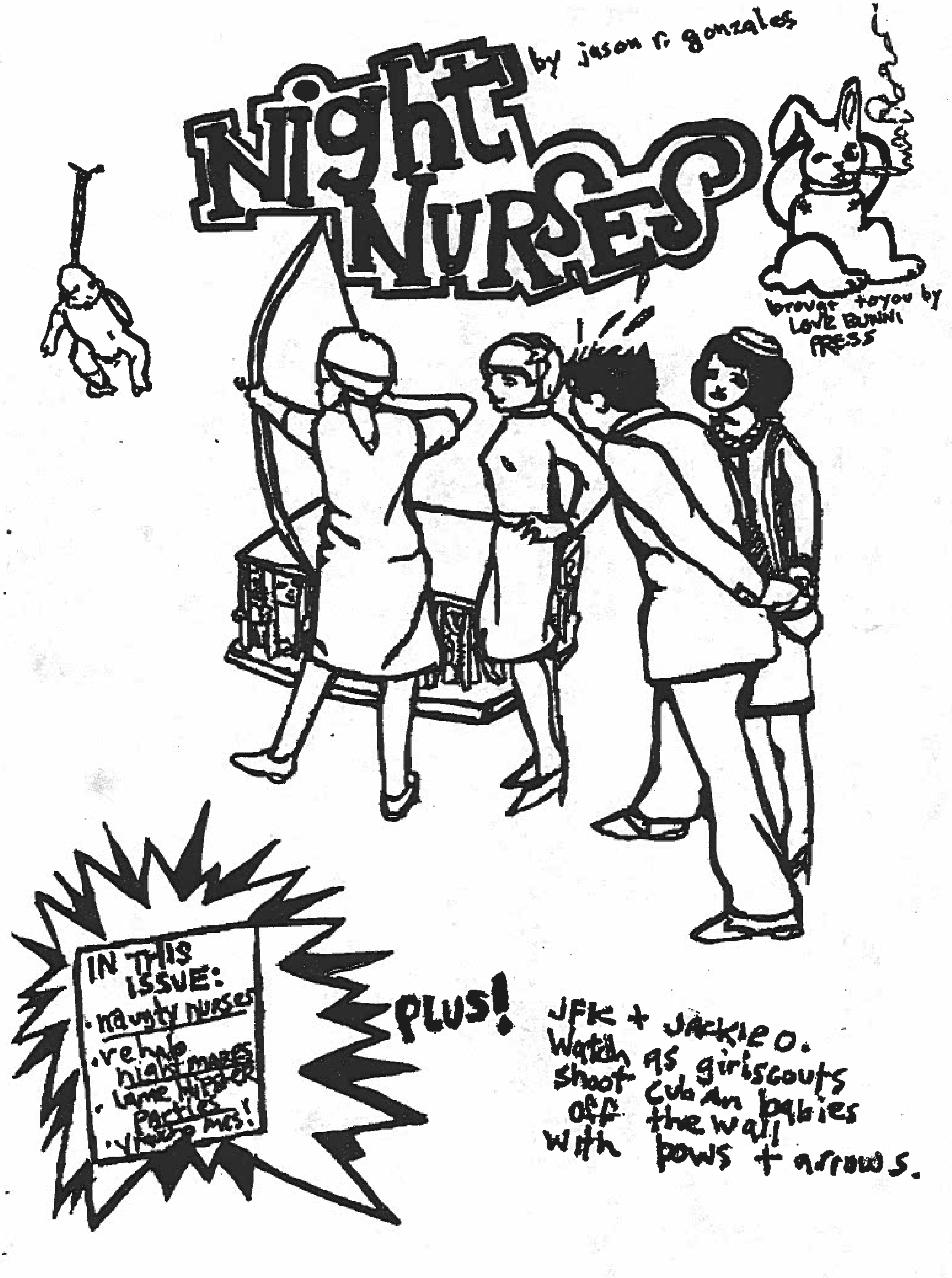
by jason r. gonzales
Night Nurses
brought to you by LOVE BUNNI PRESS
IN THIS ISSUE:
· naunty nurses
· rehab nightmares
· lame hipster parties
PLUS!
JFK + JACKIE O. Watch as girlscouts shoot cuban babies off the wall with bows + arrows.

Words and Pictures
by Jason Gonzales
Assembled and Photocopied
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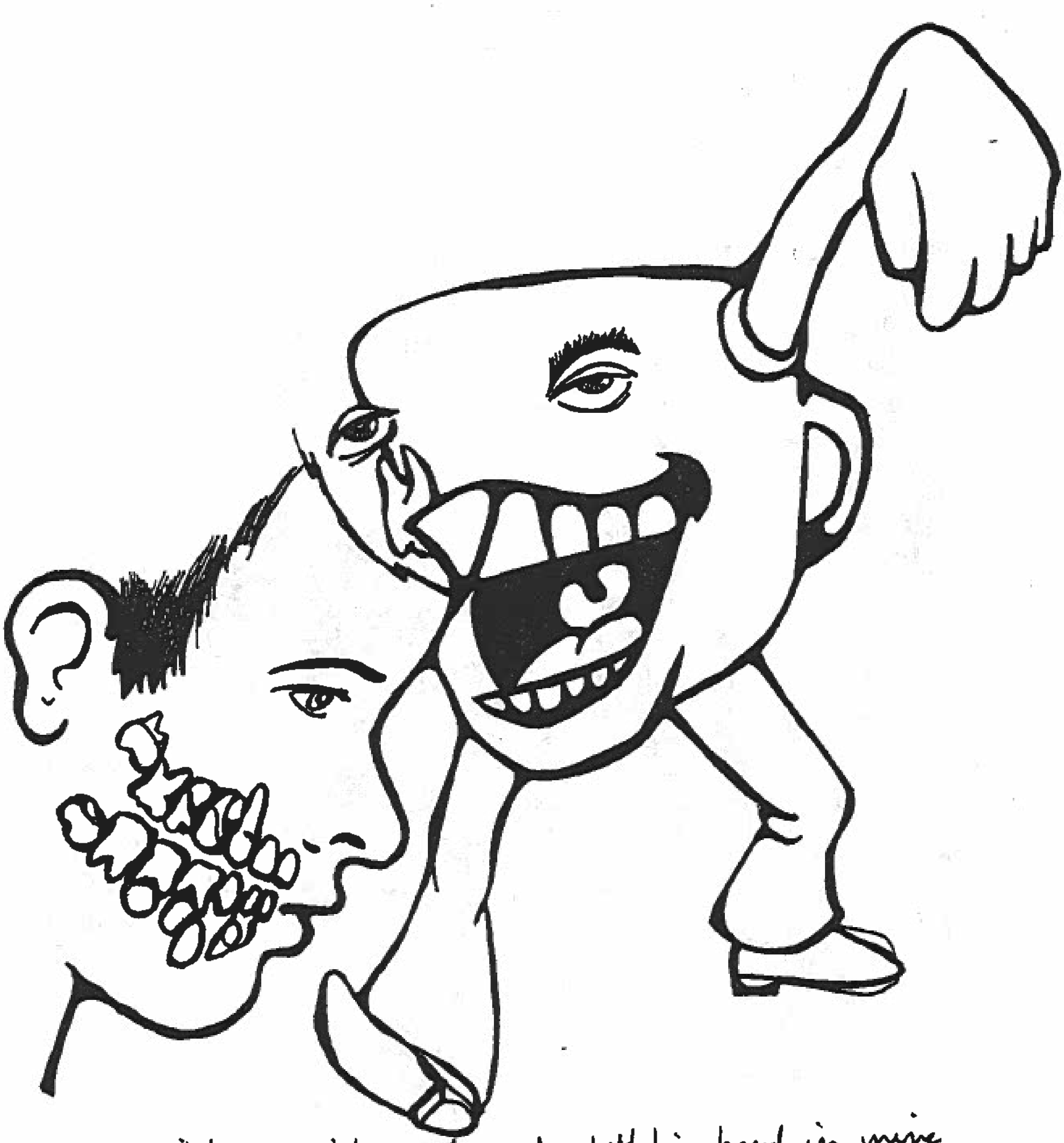
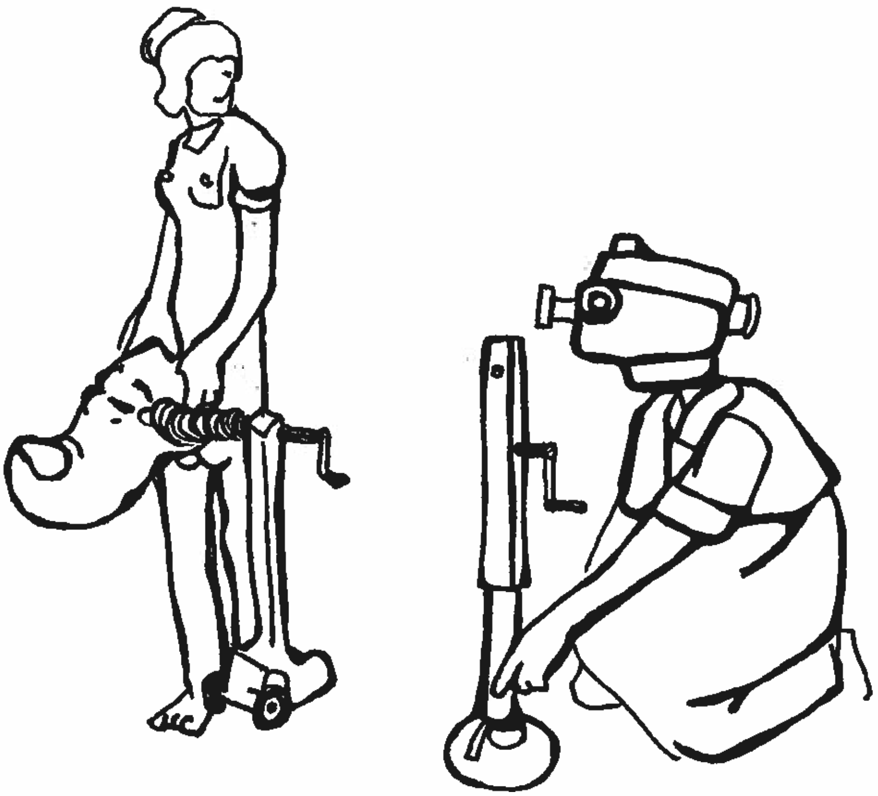


and jesus came to sit by my side one day. he held his hand in mine and thanked me for living the life i had lived, because all i had seen, he had seen. the visions and doubt and the knife fights.– ~~oh~~, oh, the knife fights! and he knew the number of hairs on my head and teeth in my skull. i knew he knew everything coz it felt as if my fingerprints sighed with joy at the touch of their designer! anyways, he sat and ~~[illegible]~~ thanked me for seeing things the way i had seen them, and for believing in the "frat-prank" conspiracy as to JFK'S Demise, "coz thats what all the hubub and cover up were for" he clued her. jesus smiled as he rose to turn away. disks of brilliant light and color and love bursting forth from his crown and halo. he pats his pockets clumbsily and asks "gotta joint?"

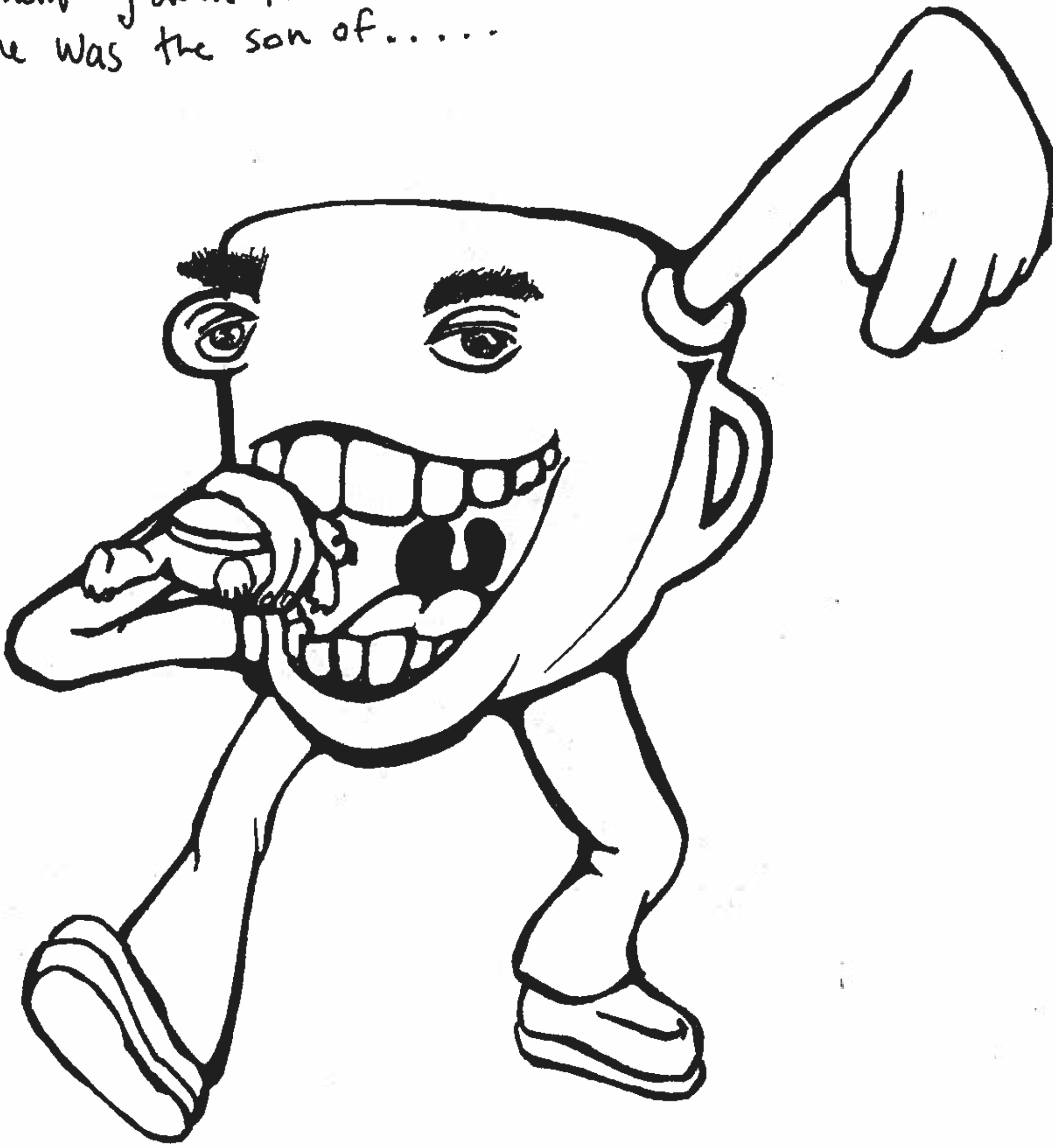
what happened? i used to be a cute kid, look at my baby pictures for christs sakes! coulda sold my picture on a box of cereal i was so god damned cute. shit, i even fingered dolly gardner once before anyone got to her. yup, i was the first, before she became "tiny dancer," the silly, cute drunk girl down at the titty bar before she became the foot note and the barstool and the dick holster-
before he was paunchy and patchy and sour skinned when his lungs breathed right guard and aqua velva and his nose was stung behind the gym with marlboro and camel before aqua velvas crept in his dreams, like sludge.

the doctor noticed that this poor patient had shaved her pussy just for the occasion. not necessarily to be prepped for surgery - though it spared the busy night nurse already on duty the trouble of prepping a blade and all. no, this girl musta been on her way out to get laid. "poor thing." he thought as he sewed up arteries and clamped veins and cauterized fat or meat that was practically useless. "musta been on her way to some place special" the doctor sadly mused as the surgery was over and her destroyed legs at least wrapped up into nubby buns of healing stitches and bandages. did i say bondages? naw. any ways. the doctor trembled during surgery when he thought of her panties that he pocketed when the ambulance brought her in. from what he could see of the panties as he stashed them in his big white overcoat, they were spared of any stain of blood, remarka considering the injury. the doctor hated the sight of blood.

and oh how those nurses loved to steal the key to "anesthesia" and trip out on all the gasses. whippy and whoopy were up on just such a cloud now. they were preparing catapults and hoists to battle the garish waves of light spearing at them through this cloud, it was brilliant and beautiful but still the girls felt the need to fight it. well, whippy did. she was the bossier of the two night nurses, her head was now a camera, capturing this delightful heaven. yes every second of it on glorious super 8! just as the girls were winding up to attack the shards of light shattering in splinters all about their naked feet, whoopy whips out her giant thumb cock and said "hey whippy, get a picture of the light on my schlong!"



jesus came back into town today,
as he had always promised....
wearing his **Great Annhilator©** suit
and chomping down turtles
like he was the son of.....



and christ was disposed of.
some sod wrapped abortion
buried in an anonymous alley
in galilee.

the big foot of the virgin
dug with her toes into
the soil and heard the
voices of mother theresa
and a toothless ghandi -
toothless and wrapped in
starchy grey sheets - their
voices came to her like a pop
song from a 4 track cassette
recorder - only mary didnt know
of 4 tracks or electomagnetic
recording, or even ghandi - who
would only twist and cry centuries
later. all mary knew was that
she wanted to get rid of this shit.
bad enough the goddamned cat
followed the scent and
dragged it back all muddy and
blood strewn back to the hut.

mr jones was mumbling again, he kept seeing lights and then soon believed ~~that~~ he was back at the titty bar. "Wheres chelsea?!" he screamed and fell back. the lights behind his eyes continued. the lulling of his heartbeat in his ears made the music of a club. "Chelsea!" he yelled again, ~~[illegible]~~ and beginning to sweat. ~~two~~ He instinctually reached into his pants - well, a pair of jammies, looking for a spare dollar to lure chelsea out of the lights and noise and only faund a boner. "Goddamn, chelsea! See how you leave me?!" he screamed, finally catching the attention of two nurses passing his room. "is everyone okay in here?" the bigger nurse asked. "Naw!" he mumbled, then brightened. finally, titties!

i'm withering,

"young lady, before your eyes.
so find the lotion
and up the morphine!"

Petey often pictured that crazy summer. the one that ended abruptly when the night before school was
to resume, Joe's mom found him in the middle of the living room, except he wasn't laying, he was up on
all fours, but his legs were knobby gnarls of furniture wood – his head was on the end of a shiny
brass pole and what looked like a lampshade stood for his hand. but Joe got what he wanted most that summer.
all this silly delusional talk of the steel snorted stallion that snorted secrets
in his stall – what about how joe's BIKE
round all day that summer getting stoned
and eating woodchips out of a paper bag.
he wanted to be a tree, or an installation
but living and real and existing now!
plus, he liked to jam to HAWKWIND
on his headphones

and he knew every breath i took.
every hair on my head, and the
jaw crowded full of teeth that
would haunt me my whole life
with dreams of green masked
orthodontists who chiseled
teeth from my skull,

he knew every sin that
my eye and hand would
commit against me -
in some bank of punishment
until i screamed his name
as god of all. above xanax
or sex or alcohol or even buddha.
" shit - this guy wants everything!"
didn't he know enough from putting
me together? didn't he know from
the sadistic D&D game he played
from his clouded heaven?
guess not.

"my god! my god!
why hast thou forsaken
me?!" i screamed as
i cursed my father for
the dunce cap he chose
for me to wear. even this
hot sultry set of thieves
next to me are
kept from me. my
game hard created
the serpent and
the lamb as well!
surely i can hop off
this cross and twiddle
and tickle them just a bit.
but i remembered my duty
and i remembered that
daddy owned the press.
daddy kept all the snooty and
scandalous bits out of the 4 part
biography — you know the one.
its after all that jewish junk. oy!
anyways, when i came back,
thomas had doubt. but i let
him pry the fresh hole in my side.

i have always fucking hated parties. if its not the shaggy haired post-post grad student trying to ply the zipper of some vacuous night nurse, its some asshole who thinks girls like to hear how the world is pared down to one book or record or nascent-näive long dead political philosophy

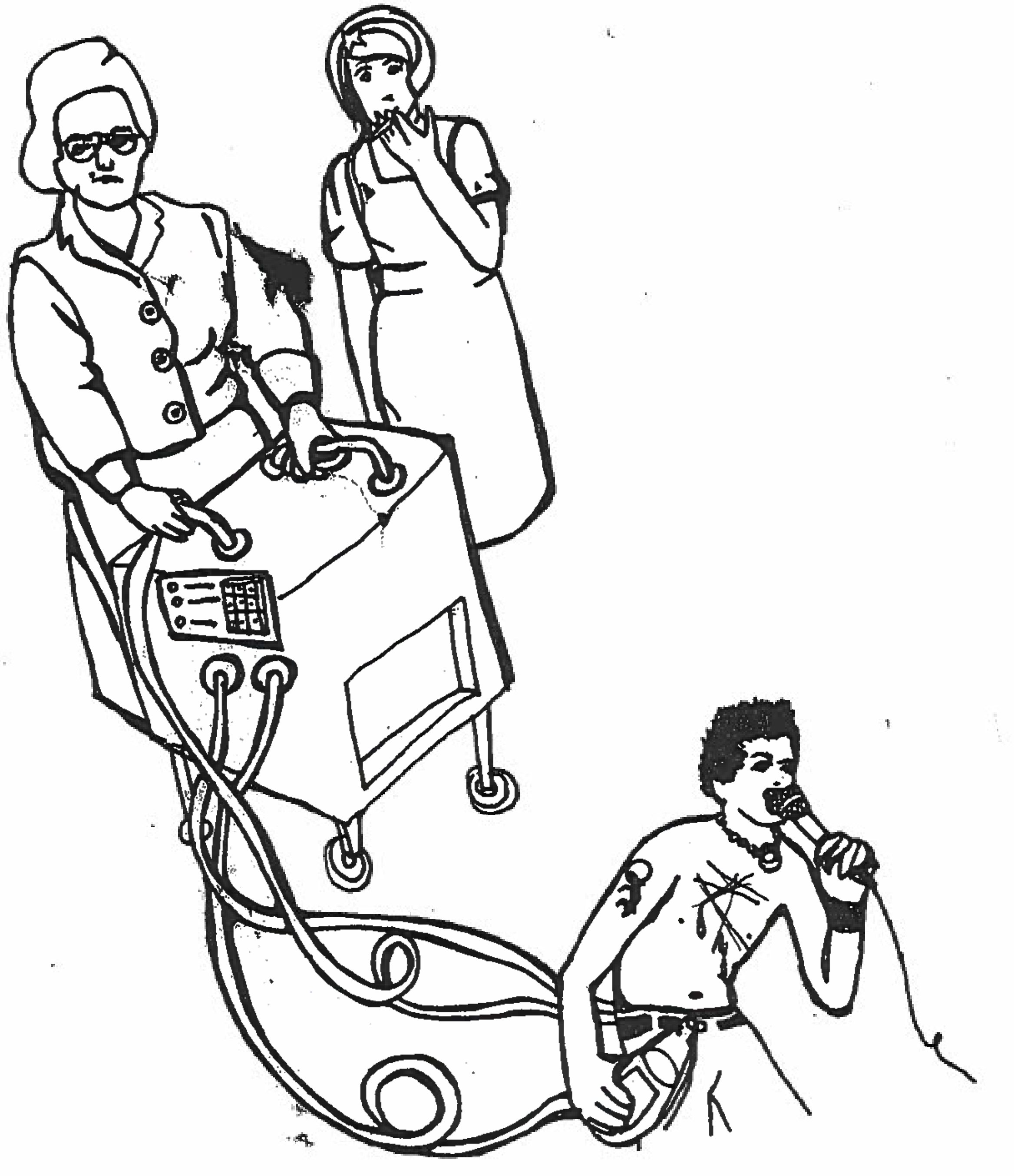
-"well where is your plato now? where is your faust and german postpsych now? turning in the grave of time and nostalgia" i yelled at him.

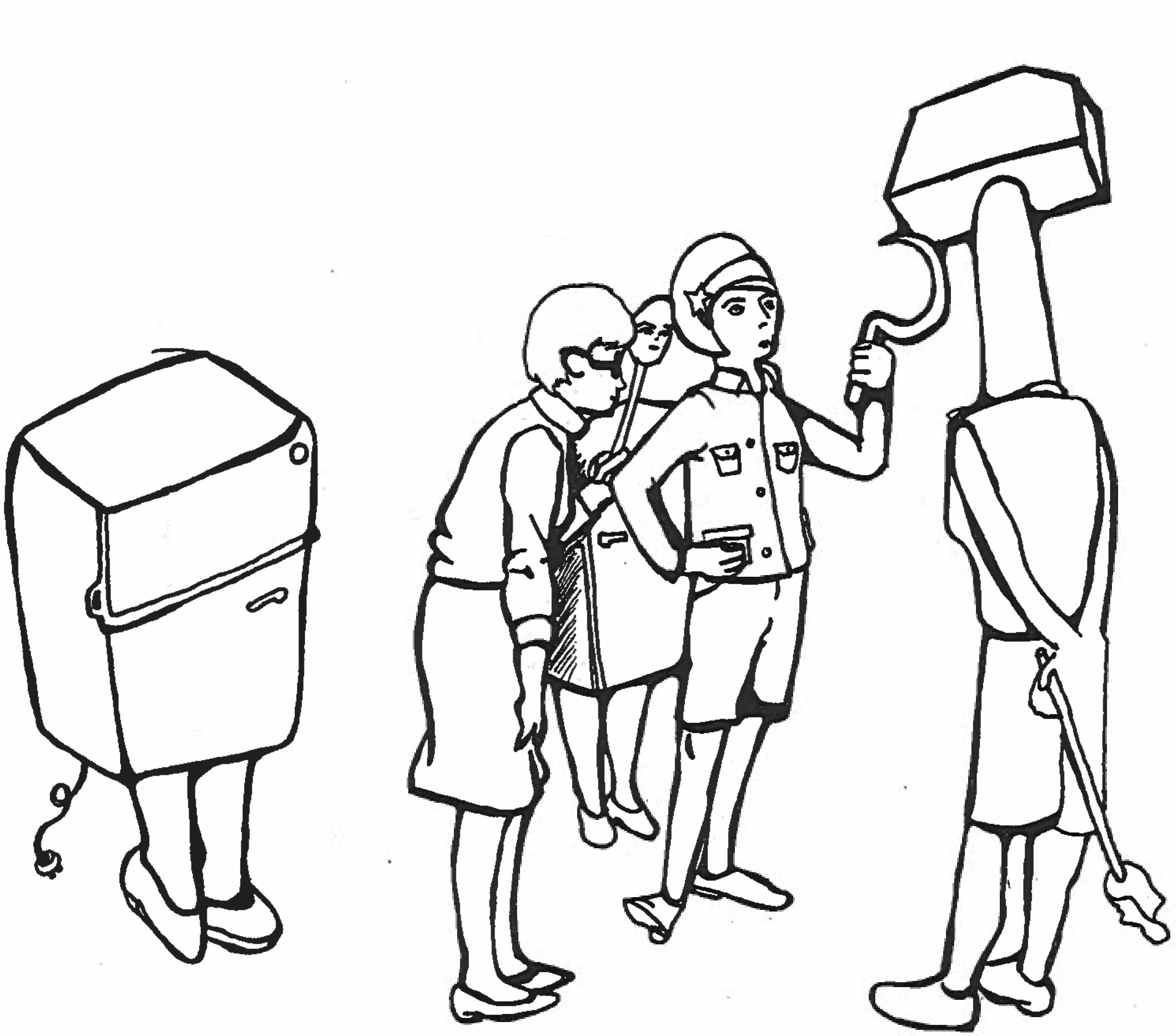
"well actually, Faust are still quite active...." he continued.

i am a boy, yes. but in many ways i feel like this girl with the eye patch. Uncomfortable- displaced, definitely out of balance, for sight is balance - maybe not. i am a boy who takes it all in and feels floors collapsing beneath my shoes. i am a boy who eats at home until the dishes pile up, and everything else that comes as a meal is packaged and disposable. i am an animal who doesnt care about their own smell, because there is another cave past the loam vacant and waiting. ashtrays are useless cos ash piles arsidue - to ash we return... and the universe must be a mass of sparkling ash, running like the fire works of god along their sizzling twine that ignites the keg all pow and shit! he put what is there, between your legs and between your ears. what is between the cells and whispering in your veins - lub lub. traffic and congestion - whatever exists in the veins all orchestra by his knowing hand.

i was created in an imag -of what, i dont know. are the spots on a cat the only inherent tag they bear to bastard hood? ask the maker. ask the stars that stream and curve and become what they are and collapse into ashes that forgot how to shine.

Darby crash was in heaven, eating his curds and whey, and paying a terrible tax for calling himself the "son of super-man." everyone knew superman was a virgin on that easter day he was crucified. how else could he rise from the dead if his holy fingers knew the delight of mastur we could draw from mary's bush. he had to save that for all of us born of and to sin. yay. so Darby crash got into heaven on the clause that his momma, and a recently departed nightnurse named joanie - be his care takers. darby was prone to fits and boredom and general Anna nicole-isms that god wanted the brilliant boy dulled, as to not out shine his little lamb, jesus. god set up a little golden street corner for darby to perform once a week for spare change and shit. but all darby wanted was a fucking beer!



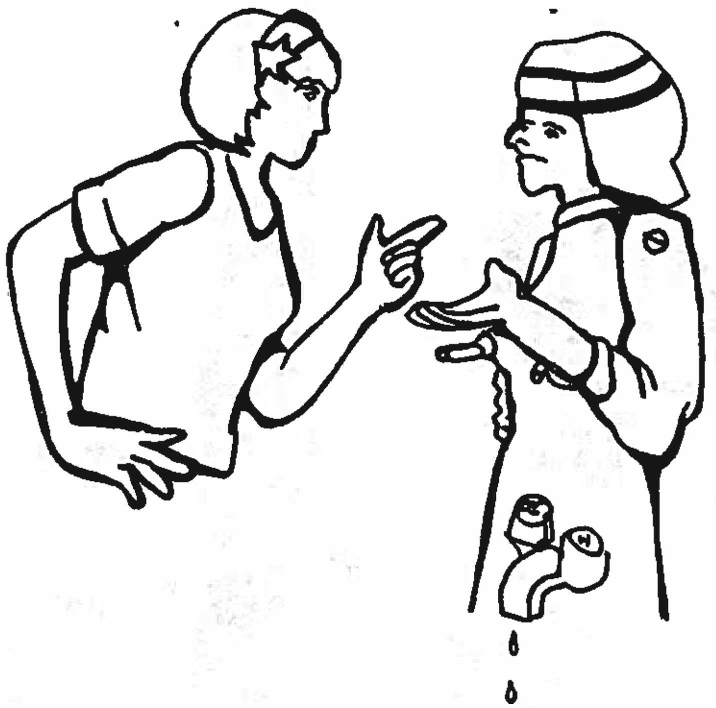


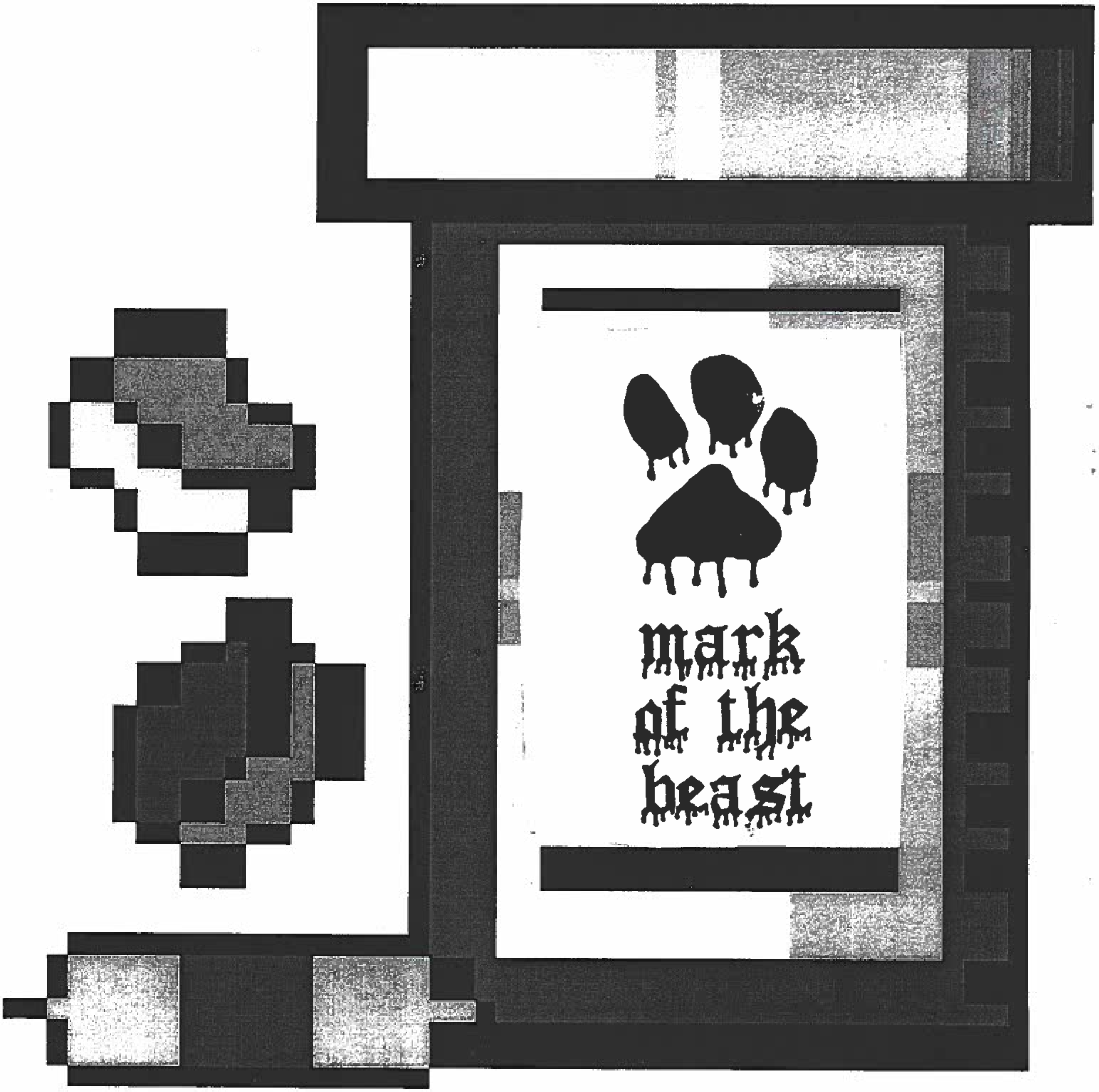
when molly found the strength to stand up to those bitches it was after the night nurses annual cotillion, at the subsiquent slumber party. "hell if I cant win the award for giving the best injections, then you hussies are in for some trouble!" molly knew needles. molly loved needles and if she wasnt musing over which vein to use next, she was prepp for a shot to keep the whole load balanced. now she was empowered. she summoned the spirit of sum yung moon and the chairman mao him self! she could see their faces, and they both reached their hands ~~up~~ out to give her a blessed gold sickle, which she slashed francine's crisco pillows - those floppy titties of hers. ugly italian sausages left on a sun baked sand was what her nipples resembled - plucked by ugly black birds that would have nothing to do with such an unsavory catch.

She followed the devil there, to that seedy country house past the tracks and the graveyard. and surely the devil had all manner of book and silly table scou of every stupid lover. "Ha!" the devil cried, "why here i have some things on my shelf that may interest you!" the devil strode toward her shelf, which resembled a Pharmacia. she opened a few of the large jars and sniffed deeply. reached to the top shelf and moved a few more jars, opening one and handing me pills, then placing the head of Darby Crash on top of the pills inside the jar.

the devil simply dusted his hands and grinned.

one night a nurse named sally was frying on dmx or embalming fluid dipped dusty blunts or some shit she always did that sent her flying up the halls confronting every bedpan and empty gurney along the way. some of the items would take on life in her fried state and she would accuse them of being men who napalmed babies or gutted children w/ bayonettes as screaming mothers looked on aghast and splattered in their childrens blood and entrails. sally came to the rusty water fountain, that sputtered forth with the sandpaper voice of golda MieR. "You sallow cunt!" sally moved in "do you know what your Mossad did?!" sallys eyes blurred as mier hunched as she became more real than she stood as the water fountain. her nipples rubbery and elongated as if to feed some rare marsupial only found in madagascaR. her silver codpiece faucet dripped an apprehensive plop on the floor. she was the cock of israel. shining light of truth. her head was cloaked in the light from the wings of her hundred angels and her cock wasnt bad, either!

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